

# Playing the Role of Floater on King Ak-Sar-Ben's Electrical Floats



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**A**L IS smooth sailing now. In my knightly nights we had mighty rocky times afloat," said a former member of Ak-Sar-Ben's parading hosts, in a reminiscent mood. Four times I strutted on the heaving decks, touching elbows with veered royalty, flirting with the angels, prouetting with painted clowns and doing divers stunts for the edification of the gaping multitude. On smooth pavements, such as Douglas street, a character pose could be maintained with dignity, but when we struck the rocky Farman road dignity went overboard and every power had to grip the stardrums. Mounted on small wheels, the float wobbled among the rocks, producing a sensation perilously close to mal-de-mer and preventing us giving to our respective stunts the deft, artistic touches for which the other days we were justly esteemed. Now the floats float over smooth rails and the jars and jolts are a memory.

"The first time I consented to address the legions of Quivera in disguise fancy suggested that the garb of a comic opera fairy was just my size. Graceful curves of limb, a round front, then strictly in fashion, and the vibrant liveness of youth prompted the belief that in the shimmering costume of a fairy I would attract attention and win a magnum of applause. But I was running for a fall. Gently my wants were made known to Grand Mogul Metz. 'Huh,' he remarked, as he sized me up, 'you'd start a riot with that rig. What you want is a saddled barrel and the wand of Gambrinus.'

**Variety the Spice of Life.**

"Later on, with the aid of a nerve tonic, I landed close to the front. I was told off as herald of the king, armed with a hunter's horn, with which to announce the royal presence. I became aware early in the game that the hunter's horn was empty and would not much my complexion or impale the atmosphere with melody suited to the occasion. It was supplemented with a tin horn, vintage of '84. By diligent practice I was able to toot a few thrilling bars of 'Hail to the King.' There'll be a Hot Time, and a few weird shrieks of the Bemis siren variety. So fetching were these melodies that the tin horn maestro lives to tell the tale.

"It was a glorious night and the knights were equal to it. The king mounted his throne with all the trappings of his station. Dunderbush whippers of a corn tasseled tint artistically smothered his jawbones. A jeweled crown was pinned to a wig of goldenrod tone, and a husky voice completed the headwear of as true a monarch as ever hit the corn belt. On each side of the throne were two blooming fairies—Juliet and Genevieve. In front the herald stood securely braced, gowned in tights, a

cute little sawed-off coat buttoned in the back and braided in front. A Tyrolean hat and plume completed a spectacle fit for gods and kida.

**Vernacular of the Float.**

"For a time the king maintained a frigid dignity, which promised to develop into a frost. Juliet and Genevieve shivered till their teeth rattled. 'Girly,' I whispered, sweetly, 'Get together and I'll lend you my arms.' 'Go to, you ancient freak,' murmured the gentle Juliet, 'go chase yourself!' Meanwhile the king preserved a straight face. 'Who's his nubs?' yelled a disrespectful urchin. 'Is it alive?' cried another. 'Truly it is,' replied Genevieve, having inserted her hat pin in the foyal calf.

"Your majesty, the enemy has laid wires about the throne!" cried the herald, as a low voice caught the royal canopy and halted the procession. 'So I observe,' replied his majesty. 'Now I am up against it. Get an ax, Jule, and shin up the pole!' 'Your wish is a command,' responded the nimble Juliet, as she shinned.

"Turning into Farman road at Tenth, an inspiring scene opened to view. A root of many colored lights in an ascending line, festoons of light on either side, the added brilliance of fireworks, and the jam of admiring spectators formed a beautiful and thrilling spectacle. For several blocks

the royal entourage viewed the scene in mute admiration. Presently the increasing rudeness of the highway caused the chariot to sway menacingly, and the king grasped a bunch of his beard to steady the throne. 'Wouldn't that jar you?' he whispered to Juliet; 'how fares the fair?' 'I feel a trifle rocky myself,' responded Jule, with the smile of an officeholder on pay day. Up the granite heights we moved with becoming majesty, accepting unmoved the plaudits of enthusiastic subjects. The castle of Cibola was reached and a halt was called to permit the customary welcome and presentation of the keys. Governing knights, mounted, ranged about the royal person, the president of the board on his left. Now on the right across the wall of Cibola, armed with a room of ponderous speech which he proceeded to unwind. The king looked on amazed, and, turning to the sympathetic Juliet, he sobbed: 'A roast on our right, a Fry on our left; by the beard of the king, I see my finish.' A diplomatic hint induced the veil to cut it short, the keys of the city were presented, the gates swung open, and to the inspiring strains, 'We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning,' from the herald's horn, the chariot entered the fabled city.

**Jays of a Mock Hanging.**

"One experience with the king was

enough. Too much dignity chilled youthful ardor, and checked the desire to cut the capers that make the shallows holler with joy. A change for the better was not long in coming. Next time I was detailed to assist at a hanging bee. There were three in the bunch, chosen for their experience in hanging around the corner. The float represented a Texas epic, scenically perfect, in the foreground a majestic tree limbed for business. The story illustrated was a type of Lone Star product. The villain in the case had attacked a frontier settler, tickled his nose with a sawed-off gun, killed his crying daughter and robbed the premises. Had the villain been satisfied with these incidental proceedings all might have been forgiven. But he wasn't. Roping the liveliest horse in the pasture he mounted and rode away. Pursuit was prompt and persistent, and at the end of three days the desperado was captured.

**Keeping Up the Good Work.**

"All this was down in detail in the books and onlookers were presumed to know them in order to appreciate the significance of the finishing touches we were ordered to put on. From start to finish we never wearied of the good work. We had the villain all right and gave it to him good and plenty. To insure an effective job, we put a stout brace around and under his arms,

a snaffle on the end just outside his collar. The rope fitted this to a T, so that every time he kicked the atmosphere his mind was not impaired. We yanked him up a score of times. The crowd enjoyed it as though it were the real thing, and seemed to feel they were getting the worth of their money.

**Special Show for Court House.**

"The most artistic swing of all was pulled off for the edification of the court house and city hall throngs. 'Scene in Texas' on sign board thirteen, gave the crowd a hint that there would be something doing. There was. We threw a little glimmer into the game by rushing the villain around the tree, discharged short arm artillery, cornered and disarmed him. The crowd on the success of our finishing touches, when the rope slipped and the villain dropped on the deck. There was a suspicious crash followed by a moan. Examination showed that the villain's hip-pocket flask was smashed by the fall, and the broke glass cut a large red gash where

no gash ought to be. It was the cruellest cut of all, a drop too much that sent our spirit down several pegs.

"For picturesque and naturalness of pose the role undertaken McKinley year deserved the bun. We were a pair to draw to. In our ordinary habiliments, standing side by side, we would readily pass for the two Johns. So there seemed to be a peculiar fitness in our selection to pose as monks, Now there are lean monks as well as fat monks, and if the truth were known the lean far outnumber the fat. But public ideas of monks are founded on reprints of the famous wine cellar picture, and to that extent our physique fulfilled the popular notion. Just what the architecture of the float represented was known only to Gus Renne and he can keep a secret. We were clad in the habiliments of woe, cowed on top and roped at the forty-fourth parallel of robustitude. Needless it seemed to us, we were supplied with baldheaded wigs and suchettes to match. Throughout the long wearying march we maintained an outward show of pious repose, caring little for the applause of the worldly-minded, bowing now and then to the salutations of pit and gallery. Occasionally our thoughts and eyes centered on the painted flags on the float, the pictorial barrels and apogees that turned out. The hollowness of our situation on a thirty night smote us with

irritating force, but we kept straight faces. We agreed, however, to give the grandstand the best we had in stock. Before that vast sea of eager faces we lowered the cowls, doffed the suchettes an saluted to the multitude. Unfortunately the suchettes were pinned to the wigs and both came off, exposing two hairless domes as smooth as fly over skated on. The crowd observed and tittered audibly. We sank into our cells and wept. It was a sad exposure, a melancholy finish."—Reported by request from 1903 Ak-Sar-Ben number of The Bee.

## Prattle of the Youngsters

"Mamma," said little Edith at dinner, "do people have wishbones like chickens?"

"No, dear," was the reply.

"Well, mamma," continued the small inquisitor, "do you s'pose chickens have everything they wish for?"

Tommy's mamma found him rummaging the pantry.

"Oh, it's you, you naughty boy!" she exclaimed. "I thought it was burglars."

"So did I," answered Tommy, "and I was lookin' for them."

Teacher—If your mother bought four baskets of grapes, the dealer's price being 22 cents per basket, how much money would the purchase cost her?

Tommy—You never kin tell. Ma's great at beatin' them hucksters down.

"Come here, Besse," said a visitor to the daughter of the hostess, "and tell me how old you are."

"Do you mean when I'm at home or when I'm riding on a street car?" asked Besse.

Fourteen-year-old Emma, who had come home from her first day's schooling in elementary physiology, was questioned by her parents as to what she had learned.

"Papa," she complained, "I don't think I like physiology."

"Why not, my dear?"

"Well, teacher was explaining digestion to us today, and she said we had to mix salvation with every mouthful of food."

A Russian emigrant of tender age was being registered in a down town Philadelphia school. The teacher questioned, "What is your name?"

"Katinka," replied the child.

"And your father's name?"

"I never hat one," came the quick response.

"Then tell me your mother's name," again said the teacher, kindly.

"I never hat no mudder neither," answered the little child, seriously. "I was born off my granmudder."



G. W. ARNOLD.



P. J. McNAMARA.



R. E. WILCOX.



ED PALMER.



GEORGE S. CACKLEY.



C. L. HUTCHINSON.

# Relation of the Recent Canadian Progress to American Interests

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**S** LOUIS, Oct. 12.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—"Both Uncle Sam and John Bull are bringing money into Canada," said Mr. William Hutchinson, the Canadian commissioner to the St. Louis exposition, as we sat together today in the Canadian pavilion. "Fifty thousand American farmers crossed the border last year, and we now have about 100,000 American settlers. Many of these are well to do. On the average I should say they bring about \$1,000 each into the country, so that we are at least \$100,000,000 richer from our recent American immigrants."

"What is the cause of the exodus?" I asked.

"The high prices of land in the United States and the free government lands of Canada," said Mr. Hutchinson. "Our western country is what Kansas and Nebraska were forty or fifty years ago. The land is chiefly owned by the government and the railroads. The Canadian Pacific, which built its line from Quebec to Vancouver, had the right to take a certain number of alternate sections. It picked them out in the richest parts of its territory, and these lands are now for sale. The Hudson Bay company also had large grants of land which are now in the market."

"The balance of the unoccupied soil belongs to the government, and we are allotting it to actual settlers in 160-acre tracts. All that the settler needs to do is to take out his papers, at a cost of \$10, and live on and cultivate the land for three years, when the government will give him a title. If he has sons of eighteen years or over they can take up the adjoining quarters, and if such sons are unmarried they can live at home with their parents while proving up their land. The son of Mr. Duncan, one of my assistants here, is an Indian boy of twenty. He is eighteen when he took up a quarter section, and next year he will get the title to it. He has never had more than \$100 ahead; but when that title is proved he will be worth \$2,000. There are hundreds of such instances. A family coming in takes up as much as it can, and its members often buy the adjoining railroad lands, so that they have good-sized farms."

"What are lands worth?" I asked.

"In the territory where they are being taken up from \$7 to \$12 per acre, according to the character of the soil and its nearness to the railroad. Speculators have picked up here and there some large tracts. One company in St. Paul recently bought 1,000,000 acres at \$2 per acre. They raised the price at once to \$4 per acre, and the people who would not touch it a few years ago, when it was a drug on the market at \$3, fairly fell over each other in their eagerness to take it at \$4."

**Hundreds of Millions Acres of Wheat.**

"Just where is the new wheat region, Mr. Hutchinson?"

"There is some east of Manitoba, but the great wheat country of today is in Manitoba, and in Assiniboia and Saskatchewan,

which lie west and northwest of it, and also in Alberta beyond. These states have vast prairies with wheat land to ten states the size of Ohio and it is estimated that 100,000,000 acres of this are now offered to homesteaders."

"Just north of that region," continued Mr. Hutchinson, "lies Athabasca, a vast territory which will raise wheat, but which has not yet been opened up to settlement. Athabasca contains more than 140,000,000 acres. It is more than three times as large as your state of New York. Altogether we have now 175,000,000 acres in the northwest which have been surveyed, but not yet taken up, and three-fourths of this is wheat land. The wheat belt is a tract about 1,000 miles long and 400 miles wide. In the eastern part of Canada there are vast pulp wood farms, the trees of which are worth about \$40 per acre. This is also wheat land when cleared."

"What is the wheat output of the western country now?"

"Last year it was 65,000,000 bushels. Twelve years ago it was practically nothing."

**Miss Canada to Feed John Bull.**

"What are its possibilities?"

"We shall feed the world," said the Canadian commissioner. "Uncle Sam has boasted of feeding John Bull with a spoon, but the day will come when his daughter, Miss Canada, will do that for him. Indeed, his fat stomach is already filled with our wheat, flour and cheese. I believe that we shall feed Uncle Sam as well. Your wheat lands play out after a time. Good hard wheat cannot be raised by fertilizers and intensive cultivation, so that the hard wheat country tends to go to the new lands. Moreover, you will grow in population through your immense mineral and manufacturing resources to such an extent that you will not be able to raise your own food. You have 50,000,000 people. By and by you will have 80,000,000. Then we will feed you."

"We are a nation of farmers," continued the Canadian commissioner. "That is our business which we expect to develop just as you are doing your manufacturing. At present there are many large farms, but also many small ones. About 87 per cent of the farmers of Canada own their own farms. This is especially so with the French of the northeast. In the west farming is done on a large scale. The land is broken up with gang plows. The threshing is done by threshing gangs who go with their immense machines from farm to farm. Ten thousand Americans came into Canada last year to help us harvest our wheat crop."

"The harvests are too big to be put into barns, and great elevators have been built at the railway stations, so that the wheat goes direct from the thrasher to the elevator without a long haul. We have now more than 1,000 elevators west of Lake Superior, which will hold over 40,000,000 bushels of wheat at one time. We have one elevator at Fort William on Lake Superior

which has a capacity of 3,200,000 bushels. We are building more elevators right along and more railroads. I tell you, you people do not realize what is going on in the Canadian northwest. We have an empire there which is growing faster in population and wealth than any other part of the world. We have some millions of square miles of the best land on earth. It is a black loam, very deep and very rich."

**How Wheat is Raised in Canada.**

"But Mr. Hutchinson," said I, "if these lands are so good why have they not been taken up before?"

"For several reasons. There were no railroads until lately. We did not know what we had. We thought these lands too far north for wheat. Some of the best of them are 4,000 miles nearer the north pole

than this city of St. Louis. We also thought the seasons would be too short to plant and harvest. We have now learned how to work. We break up the ground in the summer or fall, and seed the wheat crop in the following spring. Perhaps we may raise a crop of flax first. The next spring, as soon as the snow has gone and while the ground is still frozen, it may be for several inches, we run the seeder over the fields and cover the grain with the dirt on the surface. There may be only one inch of soil frozen, but the first hot days bring the wheat up by magic. It comes with cyclonic swiftness, and lo! the whole country is a sheet of green. I have known of three wheat crops being planted in three successive years without plowing, although we do not advise that. The frost keeps thawing

out for weeks and gives moisture to the fresh young wheat."

**The Flour Mills of the Northwest.**

"Tell me something about the yield per acre."

"It is better than yours by a great deal. Our average for ten years has been twenty-one bushels per acre. The United States rarely shows an average of more than fourteen."

"What do our American exporters think of the prospect?"

"They don't like it. The Minneapolis millers have been establishing mills to grind Canadian wheat for export. The wheat is shipped there in bond to the seacoast. They do this on the ground that the Canadian hard wheat sent to Europe is used there to mix with the European wheat in making flour similar to the American, and is thus hurting your export flour trade."

"But why do you not ship flour to Europe?"

"We do. We have large mills at Winnipeg and at Montreal."

**Winnipeg in 1904.**

"What kind of a place is Winnipeg?"

"It is the Chicago of Canada, and the metropolis of the new wheat country. It is the gateway to the northwest, and it grows as fast as our grain fields. It has now 70,000 people, and it built more than 25,000,000 worth of new buildings last year. It has electric lights and railways, boulevards and all modern improvements. It will always be the great city of that part of our country."

"What other big towns have you?"

"The most of our towns out there are small, but they grow rapidly. Calgary has now 10,000, and Edmonton, which is way up at the terminus of the railroad in Alberta, has 15,000. Only a year or so ago it had 1,500. Our big cities are now in the east. Montreal is the largest, with 25,000, and Toronto is next, with perhaps 100,000 less. We are, however, just on the edge of a development."

**The Canada of the Future.**

"Yes, Mr. Hutchinson, but have you not been on the edge a long time? What are your population and area?"

"Our area is larger than the whole United States, and our population is now about 6,000,000. We have grown slowly, but the elements of our national make-up are better than yours. We are largely Anglo-Saxons, with a mixture of French, who are thrifty and easily governed. You have a large element from southern Europe and eastern Europe which is not so good. Many of your big cities are full of it. Take Buffalo, for instance, just across the border. Half of its city officials and policemen are Siks, and they have a large population of Siks."

"What do you mean by Siks?"

"I mean Poles and Russians and people from southeastern Europe. They are not the kind of an immigration we are curing, nor do they make up any large element of our people. We want Anglo-Saxons, Germans and Scandinavians, and we are getting them very rapidly. James J. Hill,

one of your great railroad men, says he believes that within fifty years Canada will have a population of 50,000,000. It can easily support several times that number."

"How about Canada becoming a part of the United States?"

"That will never come," said the Canadian commissioner. "Our people don't want it. We are attached to our own government and think in many respects it is superior to yours. We did have a party of annexationists some years ago, but that feeling died with the McKinley bill."

"How so, Mr. Hutchinson?" I asked.

"That bill operated against Canada, and it made our people angry. It injured many of our industries, but in the end it proved the best thing that could have happened to us. Before that we were shipping hay and grain in large quantities to the United States. They were sent across from eastern Canada and taken in steamers as far down as Boston. Many of our French farmers depended upon the American market. When the bill was passed the hay had to be used at home, and the priests, who rule the French population, ordered their farmers to add 50 per cent to the number of their stock and to raise cheese and butter. They did so, and now we have a great dairying interest as the result. The farms of that region are doubly and trebly as fertile through feeding the grain and hay at home. We are now annually shipping about 24,000,000 pounds of butter and 20,000,000 pounds of cheese to England, and this is largely the result of your McKinley tariff."

**Canada's Trade with United States.**

"Give me some idea of your trade with the United States, Mr. Hutchinson," said I.

"We are doing more business with the United States than with Great Britain," said the commissioner from Canada. "Our trade with you last year amounted to more than \$25,000,000. It was more than two-fifths of our foreign trade. Of this our American sales footed up about \$72,000,000, and yours to us over twice that. On a per capita basis you annually sell us an average of more than \$20, or more than \$10 per family. Of course, the goods do not absolutely amount to anything like that per family, as a great part of them is composed of raw materials which we use in manufactures."

The conversation here turned to Canada's new tariff laws, which are now about to be put into force. Mr. Hutchinson said: "Canada is now enacting, or rather is about to enforce, some new laws as to its foreign trade. It does not propose to be the dumping ground of the factories of the foreign nations, the place where they can ship their surplus and sell it at lower prices than they are asking at home. We do not consider this fair to our own factories. We propose that such goods shall be kept out of the country or admitted on such conditions that they will not have an advantage over our home products. As it is now your factories here will sell goods to Americans at high prices through the trusts or tariffs, and then dump their surplus into Canada and sell it at a little above cost."

No country can build up a manufacturing industry under such conditions."

**American Money in Canada.**

"Is there more American money invested in Canada outside the farm lands?"

"Yes, a great deal," was the reply.

"Your capitalists have investments in our railroads, our mines, forests and factories, as well as in other things. There are a number of American stock raisers who have crossed over the border from Montana into Alberta to take advantage of the vast grazing ranges there. Some have shipped their cattle from Texas and Nebraska to that part of the country. Cattle, horses and sheep graze out of doors there the year round and just now cattle are bringing good money. Steers were sold at from \$10 to \$15 per head last year."

"What kind of stock do you have?"

"All the best breeds," said Mr. Hutchinson. "We won't admit poor stock into the country. We have laws that bulls for breeding purposes must be well registered. The result is that we shall eventually have about the best cattle on this continent. We have as good as any on the average now."

In company with Mr. Hutchinson, I took a walk through some of the Canadian departments at the exposition here. That country has one of the best of the foreign exhibits, and best arranged. The grain interests are well displayed, as are also fish, game, fruits and minerals. Canada is now shipping vast quantities of apples to England; it is raising tons upon tons of honey for export; and its woods and wood pulp products are among the greatest of the world. Its mineral display is especially fine, showing in vast quantities those specialties for which the country is noted. Said Mr. Hutchinson as we walked through the Canadian division of the mining building:

**Fortunes in Asbestos and Nickel.**

"See those piles of asbestos; that is a great product of my country. We have the best and richest asbestos on earth, and we are furnishing 90 per cent of the world's supply. That pile of ore further on is nickel; we have tons of it here. That is another of Canada's specialties, for we supply 50 per cent of all used by man. It is employed, you know, largely in the armies and navies of the world, being used to make shells, armor plate, etc. Here is a pile of corundum of which we furnish 85 per cent of the world's total product, and that are further on is a combination of cobalt, nickel, silver and arsenic; it comes from the new mine just discovered by a little French blacksmith, who is likely to make millions out of his find. We have, in short, almost all kinds of metals from coal and iron to gold. Our country has never been prospected as has the United States, and some of the chief mineral discoveries of the future may be looked for from Canada, British Columbia and in the regions of the Yukon."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.



HON. WILLIAM HUTCHINSON—CANADA'S COMMISSIONER GENERAL TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.